Numb. 79

The TATLER.

By *Iſaac Bickerſtaff* Eſq;

Felices ter, & amplius
Quos irrupta tenet Copula; nec malis
Divulſus Querimoniis
Suprema citius ſolvet Amor Die. Hor.

From *Saturday October* 8. to *Tueſday October* 11. 1709.

From my own Apartment, October 10.

MY Siſter *Jenny*'s Lover, the honeſt *Tranquillus*, (for that ſhall be his Name) has been impatient with me to diſpatch the neceſſary Directions for his Marriage; that while I am taken up with imaginary Schemes (as he call'd 'em) he might not burn with real Deſire, and the Torture of Expectation. When I had reprimanded him for the Ardor wherein he expreſs'd himſelf, which I thought had not enough of that Veneration with which the Marriage-Bed is to be aſcended, I told him, the Day of his Nuptials ſhould be on the *Saturday* following, which was the 8th Inſtant. On the 7th in the Evening, poor *Jenny* came into my Chamber, and having her Heart full of the great Change of Life from a Virgin Condition to that of a Wife, ſhe long ſat ſilent. I ſaw ſhe expected me to entertain her on this important Subject, which was too delicate a Circumſtance for her ſelf to touch upon; whereupon I reliev'd her Modeſty in the following Manner: Siſter (ſaid I) you are now going from me; and be contented, that you leave the Company of a talkative old Man, for that of a ſober young one: But take this along with you, That there is no Mean in the State you are entring into, but you are to be exquiſitely happy or miſerable, and your Fortune in this Way of Life will be wholly of your own making. In all the Marriages I have ever ſeen, (moſt of which have been unhappy ones) the great Cauſe of Evil has proceeded from ſlight Occaſions; and I take it to be the firſt Maxim in a married Condition, That you are to be above Triſles. When Two Perſons have ſo good an Opinion of each other as to come together for Life, they will not differ in Matters of Importance, becauſe they think of each other with Reſpect, in Regard to all Things of Conſideration that may affect them, and are prepar'd for mutual Aſſiſtance and Relief in ſuch Occurrences; but for leſs Occaſions, they have form'd no Reſolutions, but leave their Minds unprepar'd. This, dear *Jenny*, is the Reaſon that the Quarrel between Sir *Harry Willit* and his Lady, which began about her Squirrel, is irreconcilable: Sir *Harry* was reading a grave Author; ſhe runs into his Study, and in a playing Humour, claps the Squirrel upon the Folio: He threw the Animal in a Rage on the Floor; ſhe ſnatches it up again, calls Sir *Harry* a ſowr Pedant, without good Nature or good Manners. This caſt him into ſuch a Rage, that he threw down the Table before him, kick'd the Book round the Room; then recollected himſelf: Lord, Madam, ſaid he, Why did you run into ſuch Expreſſions? I was, ſaid he, in the higheſt Delight with that Author when you clap'd your Squirrel upon my Book; and ſmiling, added upon Recollection, I have a great Reſpect for your Favourite, and pray let us all be Friends. My Lady was ſo far from accepting this Apology, that ſhe immediately conceiv'd a Reſolution to keep him under for ever; and with a ſerious Air, reply'd, There is no Regard to be had to what a Man ſays, who can fall into ſo indecent a Rage, and ſuch an abject Submiſſion, in the ſame Moment, for which I abſolutely deſpiſe you. Upon which ſhe ruſh'd out of the Room. Sir *Harry* ſtay'd ſome Minutes behind to think and command himſelf; after which he follow'd her into her Bedchamber, where ſhe was proſtrate upon the Bed, tearing her Hair, and naming Twenty Coxcombs who would have us'd her otherwiſe. This provok'd him to ſo high a Degree, that he forbore nothing but Beating her; and all the Servants in their Family were at their ſeveral Stations liſtening, while the beſt Man and Woman, the beſt Maſter and Miſtreſs, defam'd each other in a Way that is not to be repeated even at *Billingſgate*. You know this ended in an immediate Separation: She longs to return Home, but knows not how to do it: He invites her Home every Day, and lies with every Woman he can get. Her Husband requires no Submiſſion of her; but ſhe thinks her very Return will argue ſhe is to blame, which ſhe is reſolv'd to be for ever, rather than acknowledge it. Thus, dear *Jenny*, my great Advice to you is, Be guarded againſt giving or receiving little Provocations. Great Matters of Offence I have no Reaſon to fear either from you or your Husband. After this, we turn'd our Diſcourſe into a more gay Stile, and parted: But before we did ſo, I made her reſign her Snuff-Box for ever, and half drown her ſelf with waſhing away the Stench of the Muſty. But the Wedding Morning arriv'd, and our Family being very numerous, there was no avoiding the Inconvenience of making the Ceremony and Feſtival more publick, than the modern Way of celebrating them makes me approve of. The Bride next Morning came out of her Chamber, dreſs'd with all the Art and Care that Mrs. *Toilet* the Tire-Woman could beſtow on her. She was on her Wedding-Day Three and twenty: Her Perſon is far from what we call a regular Beauty; but a certain Sweetneſs in her Countenance, an Eaſe in her Shape and Motion, with an unaffected Modeſty in her Looks, had Attractions beyond what Symmetry and Exactneſs can inſpire without the Addition of theſe Endowments. When her Lover enter'd the Room, her Features flush'd with Shame and Joy; and the ingenuous Manner, ſo full of Paſſion and of Awe, with which *Tranquillus* approach'd to ſalute her, gave me good Omens of his future Behaviour towards her. The Wedding was wholly under my Care. After the Ceremony at Church, I was reſolv'd to entertain

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the Company with a Dinner ſuitable to the Occaſion, and pitch'd upon the *Apollo*, at the *Old Devil* at *Temple-Bar*, as a Place ſacred to Mirth, temper'd with Diſcretion, where *Ben. Johnſon* and his Sons us'd to make their liberal Meetings. Here the Chief of the *Staffian* Race appear'd; and as ſoon as the Company were come into that ample Room, *Lepidus Wagſtaff* began to make me Compliments for chuſing that Place, and fell into a Diſcourſe upon the Subject of Pleaſure and Entertainment, drawn from the Rules of *Ben*'s Club, which are in Gold Letters over the Chimney. *Lepidus* has a Way very uncommon, and ſpeaks on Subjects, on which any Man elſe would certainly offend, with great Dexterity. He gave us a large Account of the publick Meetings of all the well-turn'd Minds who had paſs'd through this Life in Ages paſt, and clos'd his pleaſing Narrative with a Diſcourſe on Marriage, and Repetition of the following Verſes out of *Milton*.

Hail wedded Love! myſterious Law! true Source
Of human Offſpring, ſole Propriety
In Paradiſe, of all Things common elſe.
By thee adult'rous Luſt was driv'n from Men
Among the beſtial Herds to range; by thee,
Founded in Reaſon, loyal, juſt, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the Charities
Of Father, Son, and Brother, firſt were known.
Perpetual Fountain of domeſtick Sweets,
Whoſe Bed is undefil'd, and chaſt pronounc'd,
Preſent or paſt, as Saints or Patriarchs us'd.
Here Love his Golden Shafts employs; here lights
His conſtant Lamp, and waves his Purple Wings:
Reigns here, and revels not in the bought Smile
Of Harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, unindear'd,
Caſual Fruition; nor in Court Amours,
Mix'd Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Ball,
Or Serenade, which the ſtarv'd Lover ſings,
To his proud Fair beſt quitted with Diſdain.

In theſe Verſes, all the Images that can come into a young Woman's Head on ſuch an Occaſion, are rais'd; but that in ſo chaſt and elegant a Manner, that the Bride thank'd him for his agreeable Talk, and we ſat down to Dinner. Among the reſt of the Company, there was got in a Fellow you call a *Wag*. This ingenious Perſon is the uſual Life of all Feaſts and Merriments, by ſpeaking Abſurdities, and putting every Body of Breeding and Modeſty out of Countenance. As ſoon as we ſat down, he drank to the Bride's Diverſion that Night, and then made Twenty double Meanings on the Word Thing. We are the beſt bred Family, for one ſo numerous, in this Kingdom; and indeed we ſhould all of us have been as much out of Countenance as the Bride, but that we were reliev'd by an honeſt rough Relation of ours at the lower End of the Table, who is a Lieutenant of Marines. This Soldier and Sailor had good plain Senſe, and ſaw what was wrong as well as another; he had a Way of looking at his Plate, and ſpeaking aloud in an inward Manner; and whenever the *Wag* mention'd the Word *Thing*, or the Words, *That ſame*, the Lieutenant in that Voice cry'd, *Knock him down.* The merry Man wondring, angry, and looking round, was the Diverſion of the Table. When he offer'd to recover, and ſay, To the Bride's beſt Thoughts, *Knock him down*, ſays the Lieutenant, and ſo on. This ſilly Humour diverted, and ſav'd us from the fulſom Entertainment of an ill-bred Coxcomb, and the Bride drank the Lieutenant's Health. We return'd to my Lodging, and *Tranquillus* led his Wife to her Apartment, without the Ceremony of throwing the Stocking, which generally coſts Two or Three Maidenheads without any Ceremony at all.

In the Courtier's Letter in my laſt, after the Word Cholerick, *read* Man; *in* Leger's *Letter, ſay* Sir *between the Words* Mr. Iſaac Bickerſtaff *and the Letter. In the ſame Letter, before the Word* firſt, *read* per; *and in the* Tatler *about the Conduct of our Family in their Marriages, put in where you think beſt,* It is to be noted, That the Women of our Family never change their Name. *This laſt Amendment muſt be made, or we have writ Nonſenſe.*

Advertiſements.

This is to give Notice to all Gentlemen and Ladies, That there is lately brought over a great Parcel of very fine German Cut and Cary'd Glaſſes, viz. Jellies, Wine and Water-Tumblers, Beer and Wine Glaſſes with Covers, and divers other Sorts; the like hath not been expos'd to publick Sale before. They are lotted into ſmall Parcels, with ſome of every Sort, fit for a Sideboard: And will be ſold by Auction on Thurſday October 13th, 1709. at 5 in the Afternoon, at Stationers-Hall, Ludgate-ſtreet. The Goods are to be ſeen at the Black-Boy Coffee-houſe in Aymary-Lane, Ludgate-ſtreet, every Day to the Time of Sale.

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